6. News from Somewhere

Circumstances crystallise in a man as thoughts crystallise in an idea. Mental stress and bewilderment is momentarily relieved: 'Eureka! Eureka!', To, I have it !' the troubled cry, and for a little while are no more troubled. Political stress and bewilderment evokes the same cry—'Eurekamen! Eurekamen!', *Lo, we have him!' The eyes of all rest, enthralled, on one who lightens their darkness, makes coherent their incoherence, speaks when they are dumb. In his Autobiography,[1] Kipling describes how, when he was in South Africa, Rhodes, sighing, restlessly turning from side to side on a sofa, would say to him: 'What am I trying to say ? What am I trying to say ?' The same question is constantly being put—sighing, turning restlessly from side to side: 'What are we trying to say ? What are we trying to say ?*

Rhodes looked to Kipling to give him vocality; others have looked to God, with perhaps happier results. When there is no God, nothing in the wide universe more than Man, no wisdom greater than his, no being more lasting than his being or patience exceeding his patience, then the Word is Flesh indeed, and desperate becomes the need for imperfection to signify perfection, finitude to signify infinitude. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; cursed are the impure in heart,

for they shall see Man.

Among Germans especially, defeated and full of a sense of humiliation and inferiority, there was a craving to be told what they were trying to say: and many came forward to tell them.

[1] *Something About Myself.*